Magnetic

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Magnetic by bxxpbxxprichie

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King
Genre: Butt Plugs, Dirty Talk, Edging, Light BDSM, M/M, Masturbation, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Smut, dirty dirty dirty, guided masturbation, richie has a prince albert im not kidding, stan is thotty
Language: English
Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris
Relationships: Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier/Stanley Uris
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2017-10-29
Updated: 2017-11-08
Packaged: 2020-02-01 13:35:44
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 2
Words: 4,785
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Richie Tozier runs a porn blog on tumblr. That's right. The twenty four year old radio host of Los Angeles' favorite station runs a porn blog. A guided masturbation porn blog, at that. He enjoys giving people pleasure through his voice, be it through laughs, or orders. One of his favorite blogs, thotuknew messages him one night, and it changes his life forever.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

> Pairings : Stozier (others are undecided at this moment)
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> Warnings : Lots of sexy stuff, masturbation, butt plugs, edging, orgasm denial, sexting, the use of the word cock in a sexual manner, uh, how much more in depth do I need to go? VERY NSFW Also I didn't edit it because I just wanted it out and to get some feedback
>
> AN : SO, this is the fic I've had swirling in my mind for a while, and even though I've been excited for it, I've been scared to actually sit down and write it. Mostly because I knew how inappropriate it was going to be. But after lots of urging from close friends, here it is! Keep in mind that everyone mentioned in this fic has already been through college, meaning that they are at least twenty (two) four. The characters in no way have any relation to the child actors that have portrayed them. IT does not belong to me, however if it had I would've changed a lot of things in the book.

Word Count: 1897

"…that's it…good boy, you're doing so well…"

Richie cringed a little bit at the sound of his voice. He genuinely enjoyed doing these things. They made him get off, and he made others get off. He really…he liked it a lot. He just wasn't a fan of hearing his own voice.

With that thought in mind he put the filter over his voice, making it sound slightly deeper.

Satisfied, he typed out a quick message before posting it on tumblr.

It was pretty late at night where he was, which was generally when he got the most responses. People on the other side of the world were waking up, or taking a break from work, and people over here were in prime spank time.

Even with that thought, he logged out of his tumblr and closed his laptop. He had to work in the morning, so it was probably best that he didn't stay up much later.

He tugged off his shirt and let it fall on the floor before crawling into bed in his sleep pants.

He turned to plug his phone in on the night stand, before it buzzed in his hands. He unlocked it and opened his tumblr app to scroll through his messages. He got a lot of them after he posted, and he did his best to answer them all, but one in particular caught his eye. Specifically, the user name.

This was it. This was his chance. Half of him wanted to take time to listen to the new post. The other half knew he needed to send a message now. Stan wasn't a patient man, and he would definitely get the picture if the other just straight up didn't answer.

thotuknew: hey!

thotuknew: i really enjoy your content

thotuknew: i was just wondering if i could get a little one-on-one?

He chewed heavily on his bottom lip, and after a few seconds he typed out another message.

thotuknew: ill trade you for private pics

He could do that. He had a few backed up that he hadn't posted yet, so he would just have to remind himself to not post them.

If he even got a response.

He sucked in a soft breath the moment his phone buzzed in his hands and he looked at the message with delight.

trashymaster: I'm down for a one-on-one

trashymaster: You wana tell me your name, sweets?

There wasn't a problem with Richie staying up a bit longer, right? Especially with one of his prime spank banks messaging him. He never imagined this would happen, but thotuknew's pictures were so…sexy? He had the post notifications on for the blog because the other male usually posted in the convenient time frames when Richie was alone. It all worked.

thotuknew: stan

Richie raised his eyebrows. Now, he had a friend, a best friend, whose name was Stan. That honestly made things a little easier on him. He had been lusting after Stan for years. A lot of his content was based on fantasies for the other male. His feelings were pretty obvious, but it seemed to everyone but Stan.

It sucked, but what also sucked was the fact that Stan and his other best friend Bill were ex's. It just…made things tougher. Even though the two haven't dated since Freshman year of college. Oh, Richie could still remember the three weeks of separate hangouts to appease both boy's, until they decided to be mature and friendly again.

trashymaster: Are you naked, Stan?

Stan swallowed roughly, and typed back a simple 'No' because he knew the other was doing as he always did. He made sure the setting was right before he started.

trashymaster: Are you in one of those delectable skirts?

trashymaster: Tell me what you're wearing, baby boy

Stan felt a shiver run down his body, and out of habit he stood from his bed to make sure his bedroom door was locked. He knew it was late, and probably none of his friends were awake, but Richie had impeccable timing. He'd almost walked in on him taking pictures plenty of times. The lock on his door was a life saver.

thotuknew: i am wearing one of my skirts

thotuknew: glad to know you think they're delectable

thotuknew: i just got done taking some pictures…

thotuknew: want a sneak peak?

Richie licked his lips, the action automatic as he pictured some of the others photographs in his mind. Honestly, he died for them.

trashymaster: Show me them

Within seconds he was sent three different pictures. As always, the male's face wasn't in the picture. It helped Richie in picturing his Stan in the photos.

His eyes brushed along the bare chest, all the way down to the pleated skirt, and the knee high socks. The skirt was red plaid, and the socks were white with red little bows on the front.

His mouth was watering as he checked out the next picture. Stan was on his knees and bending over in front of the camera. He almost came then and there because God, this Stan was packing. A lot. Nestled between two thin thighs was a thick cock, hard and hanging and by God, Richie was dying.

The third picture only made things better. The setting was the same, the position was the same, but this time a jewel was nestled between ass cheeks.

Richie groaned audibly.

trashymaster: You're still wearing that?

thotuknew: yeah

trashymaster: Is the plug still in?

thotuknew: yes

trashymaster: Take it out

This is what Stan had been waiting for, orders. He liked orders. He liked rules. It kept things in place. It kept things organized.

He lifted his knees, and with nimble fingers eased his jeweled plug from his ass, before dropping it next to him.

thotuknew: i did it

trashymaster: Good boy

Stan shivered. He always longed for those words to be spoken to him, and even as text on a screen it made him feel good… Great, even.

trashymaster: Will you play with your nipples for me?

trashymaster: Gently, though

Stan bit his cheek. He propped his phone up against one of his legs and began running his fingers over his nipples.

trashymaster: Just barely brush them for me

trashymaster: Imagine it's me there

trashymaster: Your hands are my hands

Stan bit his lip. It was easy to imagine that it was Richie telling him what to do with such a name that had 'trash' in it. Maybe it was why he was so attracted to the blog, even without seeing a face or knowing a name.

He supposed that just made it easier to pretend it was Richie.

trashymaster: A little harder now, love

trashymaster: Tug on them for me, twist them

Stan definitely had no problem following orders. His fingers became rougher against the hardening nubs, tugging and rolling them between his forefinger and thumb. His back arched slightly. His

nipples had always been super sensitive, he didn't know why. But he enjoyed himself, probably way too much.

trashymaster: Because I'm not a very nice person, we're going to play a game

trashymaster: And since I don't want to lose your interest in one night, you don't get to cum

Stan groaned, and picked up his phone with one hand, the other still working at one of his nipples.

thotuknew: you're an asshole

trashymaster: This is what you wanted, is it not?

Stan didn't answer, because the other was right. He did want this.

trashymaster: That's what I thought

trashymaster: Now, Stanny Boy, I've got a proposition for you

trashymaster: If you do as I say for the next twenty four hours, I'll let you cum tomorrow night

trashymaster: For now, I want you to show me your cock

Stan definitely was down for such a game like this. It only sent heat straight down his body and without hesitation he pulled his skirt up and snapped a picture.

Richie bit his cheek hard once the picture was sent over. It was pretty obvious to him just how worked up the other was from such simple tasks. He must really get off on being told what to do.

Richie liked that.

His eyes brushed over the weeping head of Stan's cock. He didn't have a preference when it came to uncircumcised or not, but in this case he was happy the other was. He could clearly see the precum dribbling down the sides of the thick flesh.

He swallowed.

trashymaster: Good

trashymaster: Now, stroke it for me

More than happy too, Stan took ahold of himself with his right hand, fingers squeezing softly as he slowly fisted his length, awaiting more orders.

trashymaster: Do you know how to edge properly

Stan nodded, before he realized the other couldn't see him.

thotuknew: yes

trashymaster: I want you to edge three times

trashymaster: Then you're going to clean yourself up, and go to sleep

trashymaster: Or go about your day

thotuknew: sleep

trashymaster: Okay, then sleep

trashymaster: Let me know when you've finished

Stan cast his phone to the side, and with trashymaster in mind, he sped up his hand, back arching as his first edge already came to light. He didn't know he had been that close, but he let go of himself as soft waves of pleasure rippled through his body, his fingers going back to his nipples. He had to calm himself down enough to find another one without cumming, but he still needed to feel something.

After a few minutes, he found himself fisting his cock once more, thighs clenching hard as he made it to the edge again. He almost spilled over, but he restrained, gasping loudly in the silence of his hot room.

He waited a bit longer this time to find his third, afraid of slipping

over the edge on the last go. He didn't want to ruin this, because he knew he wouldn't be able to lie about it. And he didn't want to screw up already.

His third one came and went successfully, and he cleaned himself up before folding his skirt and socks, and storing them back in a box under his bed. He also stepped into his connected bathroom momentarily to clean up the plug he had used, before stashing it in a different box under his bed.

Clad only in boxer briefs, Stan crawled back into bed and grabbed his phone, cock sore and throbbing from the attention.

thotuknew: okay im done

trashymaster: Good boy

trashymaster: What are your plans for tomorrow?

thotuknew: brunch with my friends then work

trashymaster: Perfect

trashymaster: Catch you tomorrow, love

thotuknew: goodnight

Stan put his phone on his bedside table, and surprisingly found sleep quickly, his thoughts on a raven haired man with dark eyes, telling him what to do.

After his last message to this Stan, Richie cast his phone aside and found relief for himself. Sure, maybe he was a dick for making Stan edge and not letting him cum, but it was all part of the game. He knew exactly what he was doing.

After cleaning up a rather large mess, Richie threw himself onto his messy sheets. His thoughts roamed for most of the night, but he eventually fell asleep with a curly haired Jewish male on his mind.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

> Warnings : Lots of sexy stuff, heterosexual sex, masturbation, butt plugs, sexting, the use of the word cock in a sexual manner, uh, how much more in depth do I need to go? VERY NSFW
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Word Count: 2905

Richie woke up to his alarm blaring loudly. He didn't get much sleep, but he didn't mind it. He didn't need a lot of sleep to keep him going. He turned his alarm off and got out of bed, arms stretching high above his body. It was about five in the morning. No one would be awake yet, but he was used to that. He was the one with the early morning job.

He put himself together quickly, brushing his teeth and running his fingers through his hair to make it look a bit more presentable, however it didn't really matter. It's not like anyone was going to be seeing him other than his co-host.

He threw on a t-shirt, jeans, and converse. He still dressed much like he did in high school and college, mostly because he never had to succumb to the normal work force. It definitely made him happy.

He scribbled down a quick note to Bill like he did most mornings,

Remember to give everyone kisses for me

X Rich

Some days it was rather sexual, but there were definitely days, like this, where Richie just wished he could miss one day of work to be with his friends.

But he couldn't.

He grabbed his keys and stepped out the apartment door, turning back only to lock it. He started towards the stairs, but his eyes caught on the door across from theirs, and he couldn't help but give a soft smile, before a smirk fell in place.

He'd almost forgotten about Tumblr Stan.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket and typed out a quick message as he trampled down the stairs and to the parking garage.

trashymaster: Good morning, honey

trashymaster: We're going to have fun today

trashymaster: I'm going to be at work all morning

trashymaster: But before you leave to have brunch with your friends, go ahead and put your plug back in

trashymaster: Wear it all day for me (;

He shoved his phone back into his pocket, and unlocked his truck.

He was ready for this work day.

"Good morning Los Angeles! Welcome to another wonderful morning of Trashmouth and Pink."

"Wonderful? I'm not sure it's that wonderful, Trash."

"It's definitely wonderful, Pink. Its Throwback Thursday so we get to start off the day right with flashes from the past. Up first is a personal favorite of mine, Guns N' Roses."

Richie flipped the switch to start up Sweet Child O' Mine, while his

other hand lowered their microphone volumes.

“Did you have a good run this morning?” He asked, turning to his lovely co-host, and sipping on the coffee she had brought him.

“I did. Burned quite a few calories…though you know, you could help me burn a few more.” Her hand slid down his arm, and Richie couldn’t help but roll his eyes playfully.

“So, you and asshole broke up again, then?” He asked. He knew the routine by now. Olivia was a good person, a nice girl. She just got caught up in relationship drama. She had been on and off with some guy named Adam since he met her in college, and every time they split she would come crawling to him, and they would fuck.

He didn’t mind it. Not one bit. Her tits were nice, her ass was round, and she was one of his best friends. Outside of the losers, of course.

Richie pulled his phone out of his pocket to check for messages, before setting it in front of the sound board.

“We had a… disagreement. I don’t think it’s gonna work out.” She admits, sitting back in her own chair to sip on her latte.

“You say that pretty much every time.” Richie points out, eyebrows raised high in disbelief.

“Yeah, well, I mean it this time. I need to find me a new, better man.” She licked her lips, and looked up from where she was checking the weather to him. “You interested in anything serious?”

Richie laughed. He loved her to death, sure, and he would plow her any day. But Richie Tozier didn’t do serious relationships. There was only one person he would ever say yes too, and he was sure they weren’t interested.

She joined in on his laughter, because she knew. She knew how whipped the boy was, and she didn’t mind it. Spending a single night with Richie made her feel like she was worth a shit for a whole month. He was so good to her.

She knew her crush wasn’t reciprocated.

As the vocals of Axl Rose began to fade, Olivia pulled her headphones back on and slid their microphones on, Richie pulling his headphones up before checking his phone again.

“As usual, today’s gonna be sunny! Eighty degree temperatures throughout the morning and afternoon, but seventies once it gets dark. Tonight is a predicted forecast of rain, moving along into tomorrow morning. This forecast was brought to you by Subway, eat fresh!” Her happy voice reverberated through Richie’s headphones, and he clicked on the next song, Weezer’s Buddy Holly slipping through the holes in his headset. He pulled them back off his ears, reaching for his phone once more.

“Expecting a call?” Olivia asked.

“Huh?” Richie shot back, putting it back down on the table.

“Well I’ve just never seen you so distracted and so stuck to your phone during Throwback Thursday before. You’re usually up singing and dancing around.” She had a point, but Rich really didn’t want to tell her what he was actually waiting for.

“It’s nothing. Just waiting for a message.” He brushes it off like its nothing.

“Well, we got a couple a’ songs… Wanna screw around?”

It wouldn’t have been the first time they screwed around during work, and Richie was sure it wouldn’t be the last. There probably wouldn’t be a last until he confessed his feelings for Stan Uris, but who knew when that was going to happen.

He flipped on the speakers in the room so they could keep track of what song they were on, cast his headphones to the side, and queued up about five more songs, a mix from the 80s, 90s, and early 2000s. That’s what their audience really enjoyed listening to during Throwback Thursday.

Before he could fully turn himself to face her, she was in his lap, lips on his, hands already shoving down the front of his pants.

No, he wasn’t hard yet, but it definitely wouldn’t take long to get

there.

They were always quick. A quick satisfaction to make it through most of the day, and another one towards the end of it when they had another five, six song streak.

His hands caressed her back, lips and tongue moving all too rushed against hers. She tasted nice, like cigarettes and pumpkin spice. Her delicate fingers - Richie liked calling them ‘lesbian fingers’ because they were so thin - plucked open the button on his pants, and made quick work of the zipper. In no time she was off his lap and in the floor between his knees, pulling his still not-so-hard cock through the slit in his boxers.

Her mouth made contact with the tip, and that’s when the heat really started flowing, his eyes shutting as he leaned back in the chair and let her tongue work its magic.

His mind was on Stan. It was easy to pretend anyone he hooked up with was Stan. He could close his eyes, or shove their heads into pillows so he couldn’t see hair or face. He could look anywhere but them.

He did it well.

The heat that was enveloping his throbbing dick left, and his eyes popped open. She was rolling a condom on for him, as per usual morning hook ups. He didn’t know where she kept them, but they were always there when they were in the mood. She pulled up the skirt of her lounge dress, and kicked off her flats.

“You were planning this.” Richie chuckled, nodding to the fact that she had shown up to work without underwear on.

“Of course I did.” Olivia rolled her eyes a bit, before crawling into his chair. It was barely big enough for both of them, but Richie’s legs were thin enough for her own to straddle in the chair. He had to shift down slightly to line up with her correctly, but other than that-

Her heat had shocked him. He didn’t know what he was expecting but not such a greedy, tight pussy. He felt like he could pant already,

his hands going to the small of her waist as she bounced on him at a fast pace.

“Tight.” He commented, almost gasping.

“Kegles…and Ben Wa balls don’t hurt either.”

He almost laughed at that, but instead he tugged at the scooped neck of her dress, pulling it below her breasts. Her bra was pushed upward, sandwiching the bouncing mounds between two tight places. His fingers delicately plucked at her nipples, his own hips starting to shift upward as they crested the third song. They needed to finish soon, otherwise cleaning up wouldn’t happen until later.

Eminem’s Lose Yourself started, and Richie could feel himself coming close, the heat in his belly shifting lower, abdomen tightening. He always came quick when they fucked during shows. It was the added adrenaline, and the dirtiness of it, he thought. They shouldn’t be doing this at all, much less while they were on the air.

One of his hands shifted down, and rubbed back and forth quickly against her clit, struggling to follow the up and down movements, but he did fine.

Sex between them when in the studio was mostly quiet. Other than the slapping of skin and the wet suction-y noises, at least. If you found them in Richie’s apartment, or at her own condo, it would be loud, animalistic. But they tried to keep quiet, just in case a mic was turned on by accident , or someone else in the building heard them.

He could feel her sweet cunt tightening around him, and he knew she was close as well. Good thing, too, because he was seconds from bursting. A grunt left his throat, teeth digging into his bottom lip as the heat spread throughout his body, and his cock pulsed wildly inside of her.

Sex between them was never very mind-blowing, but it did well enough.

He was panting by the time she had crawled off of him. His hands went for the condom, pulling it off of his softening dick and tying it

off. He reached for a tissue, cleaning himself up. It was all wadded up together and thrown into the trash by the time Smashmouth by Allstar was meeting it's end. His hands were quick to zip up his jeans, and pull his headphones on just as he was scheduled to speak.

Stanley Uris rolled over in his bed at exactly 7:30 on the dot. His cock ached from last night's activities, but it only made him reach for his phone, and hope he already had orders.

He did.

He felt giddy as he sent back a quick message.

thotuknew: ill put it in after my shower

thotuknew: good morning

thotuknew: cant wait for fun

He slid out of bed, and scampered away to his bathroom, excited to start the day and horny as hell already.

After a quick wash, Stan picked out his outfit. He already knew it was supposed to be warm, so he had a pair of khaki shorts picked out. A collared shirt was his next item of choice. He liked collared shirts, really. He reached under his bed for his special box and pulled out the plug he'd used last night. He lubed it up generously, and leaned over his bed. He was gentle as he slid it inside himself, eyes closing softly, and a nice hum of content crawled up the back of his throat.

It was going to feel weird to have this in all day, but he was going to enjoy it. He knew he would.

Before putting on his clothes, he snapped a picture and sent it to trashymaster, just for proof.

thotuknew: hope you enjoy that (;

He had his clothes on seconds later, and pulled on his shoes before leaving his bedroom.

His and Eddie's apartment was always clean, and clutter free. Unless, of course, it was the night that they hosted 'family game night'. They rotated between each loser's apartment on Friday's. This week was their week. Stan knew they were going to have a fucking mess to clean up.

But he tried to not think about it, as he opened the front door and crossed the hall. He banged on the door, and wasn't surprised when Bill opened it seconds later.

"Morning, just wanted to make sure you were up." Stan grinned up at him.

Bill only rubbed his face, obviously tired. "I'm up, I'm up… Let me put on my shoes and we can go down to the car."

Stan stepped back into his apartment, and almost ran straight into Eddie, who let out a high-pitched wail, and threw his hands up to keep the two of them from knocking noses.

"Jesus Chris, Stanley!" He exclaimed, taking a step back and brushing his hands down his body.

Stan laughed a bit. It was a light hearted laugh, and he just…he felt free. "Good morning, Eddie. Bill's about to be ready. Did you call the others?" He asked, pulling his phone out of his pocket, just to check.

"I did. Bev and Ben are walking over to Mike's right now, and they'll meet us there." Eddie seemed to not be able to keep himself from grinning right back at Stan, something he appreciated.

"Good. Let's go."

It had been a while since Richie had last been able to check his phone, but he knew it had gone off a few times. The screen had lit up. They were doing some bits now, so he really couldn't pause to check.

Finally, after another twenty minutes, they were back to Throwback Thursday. He queued up a few songs, and picked up his phone.

“Finally got that message?” She asked.

But he couldn’t answer.

This beautiful boy sent him another picture, and he was harder than a rock.

“Oh, it’s that kind of message.” Olivia commented, smirking.

Richie still didn’t respond. His mouth had gone dry and words caught in his throat.

He swallowed thickly, and sent back a few messages.

trashymaster: Good boy
trashymaster: I did really enjoy the picture, thank you
trashymaster: Now, where are you?

Stan pulled his phone out of his pocket the moment it buzzed. He turned the brightness down, in hopes of anyone walking by or sitting too close wouldn’t see what ever was about to come. They were all currently seated in IHop, minus Richie as he had to work this morning. But he would be with them tomorrow night, at least.

His throat closed up at the praise, and he took a drink of his water before typing back a simple message.

thotuknew: at brunch with friends
thotuknew: the plug is still in
thotuknew: i had some difficulties in the car
thotuknew: i might be hiding a boner right now

The vibrations from Bill’s car had somehow made straight contact with the plug, and had sent shock waves of pleasure up his body. He hadn’t cum, but he sure as hell had wanted too, regardless of the mess it would have made.

trashymaster: Go to the bathroom for me
trashymaster: Tell them your stomach kind of hurts
trashymaster: You’re going to be in there for a while

Stan stood abruptly, mumbled something about his stomach, and shuffled himself away from the table. He picked the family bathroom, rather than the male only bathroom, not wanting someone to walk in on him.

thotuknew: okay im in one

Richie felt lucky that he had some time, and even though his co-host was trying to figure out what was going on, he was pretty good at ignoring her.

trashymaster: Good boy
trashymaster: Touch yourself for me, I know you want too
trashymaster: Still no cumming

He felt so alive and in power, because he was telling someone what to do, live. He just wished he could see it all.

trashymaster: Wrap your perfect fingers around your thick cock and fuck your fist
trashymaster: You're such a good boy. Such a perfect boy.

Stan sucked in a breath at the other's commands, but did as said. He wasn't too concerned with things as his shorts and boxers fell around his ankles. He held his hand still and thrusted into it, fucking it rather than making his hand do all the work.

thotuknew: wish i could hear you telling me what to do
thotuknew: i want to hear your voice

Richie held in a groan. Because he wanted to be able to use his voice right now. He wanted to tell him what to do and hear the reactions and the responses. But he couldn't.

trashymaster: If I wasn't at work we could Skype
trashymaster: But I am
trashymaster: Do something special for me, baby boy?

Within seconds, he got a reply.

thotuknew: of course

trashymaster: Pull that plug out, and fuck yourself with it.